TREASURED THOUGHTS

BY

JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD

Class PS35-15

Book .A48T8

Copyright No. 1904

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Very Sincerely Yrs.
Jessie Forbush Hannaford

TREASURED THOUGHTS

BY

JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who stays till all commend."

—POPE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
THE CAST PUBLISHING CO.
1904

PS 3515
.A48T8
1904

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
JUN 27 1904
Copyright Entry
Apr. 20-1904
CLASS a XXc. No.
85087
COPY B

Copyright, 1904
by
Mrs. H. P. Hanaford
All rights reserved

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

Press
J. W. Gunnison & Company
Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO
MY HUSBAND AND SON
THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSES
IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

"How oft a thought of fancy doth sometimes
Make us commit our thoughts in running rhymes;
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of writing verses requires a nicer art;
A poet's mind, indeed, must be inspired
With thoughts of love, as well by fancy fired;
For, as in strings of pearl, there often lies
Many a blemish that escapes the eyes;
So verses should be to perfection brought—
But where can one be found without a fault."

"Where nature moves and rapture charms the mind,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find;
A perfect judgment reads each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well."

—Pope.

Table of Contents

All in a Life-Time 42
An Old-Fashioned Valentine 46
Baby Across the Way, The 89
Baby Dorothy 78
Beautiful Grace 26–27
Behind the Mask 55
Beloved 16
Birthday Greeting, A 77
Bunch of Sweet Peas, A 54
Can You Forget? 45
Come Home Early 14
Crape On the Door 90
Curtain of Silence, The 11
Dear Old Mill, The 18–19
Dream of Love, A 59
Dreams of Delight 39
Echoes of the Past 86
Edith Verne 41
Entré Nous 36
Heart's Mistake, A 13
How Could You? 24
How Short the Time 91
Incomplete 15
In Memoriam 83
Is It Any Wonder? 56
It Seems but Yesterday 87
Just Twenty-one 52
Little Red School-House, The 76
Lost (A Dream) 51
Love 31
Lovely Lady Lott 25
Lover's Quarrel, The 69
Lover's Soliloquy, The 37

Maurice and May 49
Memory of Mine, A 12
Mother's Love, A 29
My Answer 61
My Choice 63
My Dark-Eyed Zora 73
My Darling's Picture 57
My Opinion of the Ball 50
Never Again 48
Night 60
Night Before Easter 68
One Good Deed 82
One Never Knows 93
Only 88
Only a Boy 64
Our Baby 62
Our Darling 65
Our Household Treasure 66
Our Little Roy 67
Pair of Blue Eyes, A 38
Papa's Treasure 79
Pretty Laughing Dark Eyes 70
Rhapsody, A 34
Romance of To-day, A 47
She Never Knew 43
Sweet Bessie Adair 74
Sweet Seventeen 58
Take Baby 85
Tempus Fugit 20
That Little Grave 92
Then and Now 35
They Call It Fate 44
Three Pictures 81
Tumble-Weed, The 22
Two Little Stockings 71
Two Paths, The 21
Under the Chandelier 23
Unloved 17
Unrest 40

Veiled 32
Very Dear to Me 80
Waiting 53
Way of the World, The 84
Web of Life, The 28
What Shall My Wishes Be? 75
Where the Thistles Grow 30
Widow's Story, The 94–95
Woman's Love, A 33
You Will Know Why 72

The Curtain of Silence

OVER our life hangs the curtain of silence
That sooner or later is destined to fall;
Unseen till the day we end our existence,
Its mystical silence covers us all.
No matter how great may be our position,
Or lowly our lot on this earthly sphere;
No matter how deep the distress of loved ones,
It hesitates not at the fall of a tear.

The day of our birth is a day of rejoicing;
The day of our death we are but born again.
Why not rejoice as the curtain of silence
Over our lives in all kindness descends?
Life is indeed a most difficult lesson,
Brightened with pleasure, and shadowed with pain;
Let us then pray for strength, and remember,
Our smiles are the sunshine, our tears are the rain.

A Memory of Mine

A MEMORY with vague enthralling spell,
And persistency I can not quell,
Stirs into flame a fire that sears.
For hearts are human, and men must feel,
And the tender prayer of love's appeal
Hangs darkly, like a pall, across the years.

I saw her first, one night at the play,
And never shall I forget the way
Her sparkling eyes looked into mine.
Billows of lace and jewels rare,
All enhanced her beauty fair,
And filled me with love divine.

Deep in my heart the passion and pain
Echoes to-night, but a sad refrain;
Recalled by roses that perfume the air.
Well I remember—that night in the past,
When o'er my future a shadow was cast—
Those roses she wore in her hair.

Into her life another man came,
'Tis not his actions that I blame,
But I saw the truth she would fain disguise.
She put love aside, as a woman can;
Wealth was her goal, no thought for the man,
And love was naught to a golden prize.

The breath of roses, so strong to waken
Anguished thoughts of one forsaken,
As I was—in that darksome long ago,
Will never let me quite forget;
Despairingly I love her yet,
And will, thro' all the years that I may know.

A Heart's Mistake

YOU said you loved me, and I—I believed you,
No tender glance or word can I forget;
And now, to-day, you know I have deceived you,
While I live, the past I shall regret.
You must not think 'twas money won me from you,
It was my heart that made its own mistake.
These faded flowers I treasure so, are some you
Gave me, and I kept for your dear sake.

I said I loved you, and you—you never doubted,
You knew it was the truth, you felt the same;
My heart was all your own, I would have scouted
The very mention of another's name.
I never thought that I could be untrue, dear,
But now, beside a dreary gulf of tears and pain
I sit, and think of by-gone days, and you, dear,
And know full well I merit your disdain.

Come Home Early

COME home early, a dear form lingers,
And meets you at the gate,
Hours seem days if you are absent,
Bright eyes dim if you are late.

Simple words, yet deep the meaning,
"Come home early," whispered low,
From the lips of one who loves you,
Pleadingly before you go.

Patient hearts grow weary waiting,
Hearts that smother all their pain,
Then remember, come home early,
Let them never wait again.

Incomplete

SAW you but once, sweetheart, and loved you,
Your matchless beauty was beyond compare;
Two dusky eyes, dark eyes of mystic hue,
More beautiful by far than eyes of blue,
Looked into mine, and left their impress there;
Farewell dark eyes, my love you never knew.

Just once, I held your little hand in mine,
And felt the warmth of your bewildering smile;
My heart was filled with love almost divine,
But there I stood, entranced, and gave no sign,
Unconscious of my fate, I stood there while—
The blood rushed thro' my veins like rare old wine.

Our paths in life just crossed that day, my sweet,
And then dividing—led us far asunder;
It seemed at first, as if my heart must break,
I registered a vow for your dear sake,
I will be true, tho' all the world may wonder
That I should live a life so incomplete.

Beloved

HEART of my heart, your arms now enfold me,
On your dear breast I pillow my head,
Knowing so well you love thus to hold me,
At least, this is what you always have said.
Fondly you kiss me, love and caress me,
Call me your darling, and swear you'll be true;
Softly you murmur a prayer as you bless me,
Making me whisper, "I love only you."

Over our heads the bright moon is shining,
The shy little stars peep out, one by one;
The tall elm trees their branches entwining,
Make a retreat that could not be outdone.
The hour grows late, still here we linger,
Speechless and happy, we two all alone.
Gold with a diamond encircles my finger,
A pledge of our love, that makes me your own.

I am content, yet a feeling of sadness,
Just for an instant shadows my bliss,
Seems to have changed my wondrous gladness,
"Darling, forgive me, the shadow is this:
Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
How can I tell it will not enter mine?
Lovers grow cold, and friendships are slighted,
Even when seeming as faithful as thine."

Just for an instant, the silence unbroken,
The leaves rustle softly, as if in reply;
Then with a kiss, at last you have spoken,
"I will be true to you, dear, till I die."
Loved and beloved, a joy never ending,
Life is too short to spend it in tears,
Thus we will live, our happiness blending,
And not borrow trouble until it appears.

Unloved

UNLOVED, the word itself sounds hard and cold,
And yet, I fully realize its truth,
Once young and fair I now am growing old,
And all that's left, are vanished dreams of youth.
Once I'd a lover, handsome, proud and fair,
A heart that was brimful of love for me,
Then life, a blissful dream, held naught of care,
But now, 'tis very different, you can see.

My form is bent, and wrinkles take the place
Of dimples, on a cheek once fair to see;
If he who loved me once, should see my face
To-day, he would declare it was not me.
And yet, if I should reckon by the years,
That have so swiftly fled, since last we met,
I might perhaps have spared myself these tears,
That, as I write, have made my cheeks so wet.

I might perhaps find comfort, for my heart,
That is so full of sorrow o'er the past,
I might perhaps be glad that we did part,
Though on my life a shadow it has cast.
I might perhaps—but no, it is too late,
And no regrets should linger in my breast,
Unloved I've lived, and know it is my fate,
That on my grave "Unloved" shall mark my rest.

So I will live my quiet, lonely life,
That even now is drawing to its end,
Unloved, for no one ever called me "wife;"
Alone, for no one lives who calls me "friend."
Yet, who can tell, perhaps when I am dead,
He whom I loved, and always thought so brave,
May drop a tear, as low he bows his head,
And reads the word "Unloved" upon my grave.

The Dear Old Mill

[To My Father.]

NO one can know the sad, sweet thrill
Of mingled pleasure and pain that fill
My heart, when I think of the dear old mill,
My childhood used to know.
Recalling a time that is past and dead,
Thinking of years that have long since fled,
Remembering things my father said,
In the happy long ago.

In memory through the cool, green wood,
I visit the spot where the old mill stood,
Happy indeed if I only could
Be a child again.
And pick the May flowers, starry eyed,
As in the shade of the rocks they hide,
Back of the mill, on the steep hillside,
Nourished by sun and rain.

How well I remember the "dam" and "race,"
The cheerful smile on my father's face,
And each and every familiar place,
Around the dear old mill.
Tears fill my eyes when I think or speak
Of the time when we played at "hide and seek,"
While the mill kept going all the week—
Was never still.

Again I recall its busy hum,
As out of the wheat the flour come,
Making for father a goodly sum,
  And giving us plenty to eat.
Oh, joyous time, when happy and gay,
We children romped the live-long day,
Over the bags and barrels at play,
  Those years so fleet.

The rest of my story is quickly told,
Time changes all things young and old;
The dear old mill at last was sold—
  Forgive these tears.
And now to woman and manhood grown,
Memory recalls the mill's sweet tone,
The mill our father used to own,
  Not seen for years.

Tempus Fugit

A MOTHER bends o'er her babe so fair,
Smooths its rings of golden hair,
Studies its features and eyes of blue,
Its face—the image of papa's, too—
And longs for the time, both early and late,
When baby should grow to a man's estate.

"Tempus fugit!" The years have flown,
And baby at last to a man has grown;
But where is the mother so young and fair,
Who watched her babe with tenderest care?
Alas! you will scarcely know her to-day,
For her golden tresses are silvered with gray.

Her step is slow, her eyes are dim,
She trembles now through every limb;
Her form, that once was full of grace,
Is bent with age, and her dainty face
Is filled with sorrow and anxious care.
Alas! there are changes everywhere.

Thirty will number the years that have gone—
Thirty long years since her baby was born.
Now, with saddened heart and tear-dimmed eyes,
She bows low her head and in agony cries:
"Give back my baby!" but prayers are in vain;
The man can ne'er be a child again.

The Two Paths

SIDE by side, two pathways lead,
The one of smiles, the other tears.
When Happiness does once succeed
In claiming us, we banish fears,
And do not pause to count the miles,
So pleasant is the path of smiles.

But the two paths lie not far apart,
And Sorrow is never long away.
Because we all possess a heart,
We all must suffer, too, some day.
The joy of life soon disappears—
Alone, we walk the path of tears.

The Tumble-Weed

'TIS found in the West, and strange indeed,
A peculiar growth called the tumble weed.

Shaped like a cabbage, three times its size,
Fastened close to the ground it lies,

'Til there comes a day, when the wind is strong,
Then it breaks from its stalk and rolls along

Over the prairie and across the green,
Rolling and tumbling it may be seen.

Horses break in a wild stampede,
If they catch a glimpse of the tumble-weed;

Onward it comes in a terrible rush,
'Til caught perchance in the underbrush.

Under the Chandelier

THEY stand just under the chandelier,
The music sounds faint, the lights are dim,
He whispers, "I love you," he has no fear,
He feels so sure of her love for him.
She is tall, and stately, and full of grace,
And he is as dark as she is fair,
Her dress a marvel of silk and lace,
And diamonds gleam in her golden hair.

Deepest surprise is expressed in her face,
She wonders if this is the way it will end;
She doesn't see why he can't keep his place,
And continue her most devoted friend.
She tells him this, in her winning way,
And tries to soften the blow she gives,
But he remembers for many a day—
And perhaps to the longest day he lives.

She hands him a rose, a good-bye token,
He does not speak, yet she sweetly smiles;
'Tis only a man's heart breaking—broken
By a thoughtless woman's witching wiles.
He has gone. The lights were never so dim,
The room is empty, silent, and drear—
In her silks and laces, tall and slim,
Alone she stands under the chandelier.

How Could You

HOW could you go, and leave me here in sorrow?
How could you speak in such a cruel tone?
One little word from you, and all this anguish
My heart now suffers would be all unknown.

'Twas such a little cloud that rose between us;
Deep in your heart you knew that I was true.
You never should have gone away in anger;
Did you think that I could be less proud than you?

You never waited for an explanation—
You seemed to think that I was all to blame;
How could you act in such a heartless manner?
You never spoke when soft I called your name.

You did not pause, or look in my direction,
So I tried to act as if I did not care;
And yet, you knew my heart was near to breaking,
As you hurried down the dimly-lighted stair.

I'm very sure that I can live without you,
Thro' all the coming years that I must live;
But if you return and say that you are sorry,
You'll find me waiting—ready to forgive.

Lovely Lady Lott

[To E. A. L.]

I NEVER will forget her,
Because I'd rather not.
I'm glad that I have met her—
My lovely Lady Lott.

I often dream about her,
With her happy, smiling face;
I'll never, never doubt her,
I could not be so base.

'Tis true, that she is married:
To me?—oh, surely not.
Too long, you think, I tarried
And lost fair Lady Lott?

You're wrong, tho' much I love her,
(I'm not rhyming this for pelf)
But, true as stars above her,
I'm a woman, like herself.

Beautiful Grace

YOU'VE come to see me? Who sent you here?
Why do you look at me so queer?
Why do you seem so quiet and sad?
Has any one told you that I am mad?
Has any one dared to breathe a word?
Of what, while here, they may have heard?

"They say I am mad, but it is not true;
I'm no more mad than either of you
Who stand and gaze at my tangled hair,
At my eyes so wild, and my arms so bare,
At my tumbled dress and restless feet;
But listen to me now, I entreat.

"I'm seventeen, and I'm pretty and fair,
There are diamond stars in my golden hair;
My dress is pure white silk and lace,
And my friends all call me 'Beautiful Grace.'
Oh! I am happy, and fair to see,
And no wonder every one envies me!

"My lover is noble, dark and tall,
And, oh, how I love him, my handsome Paul!
Can you tell me why he is not here?
Don't look so sad, there's nothing to fear;
Paul loves me, and he would not die.
Just wait; he'll be here by and by.

"Dead! Ha, ha! Who saw him dead?
Who says they laid him on the bed?
Who saw the blood in his curly hair?
And on his hands and face so fair?
Why do they cover my darling's face,
So he can't see his beautiful Grace?

"You think me raving? It is not so.
See, I am calm, now let me go;
Let me go to my darling's side—
Don't I tell you I am his bride?
Can't you believe what I say is true?
I want only envy, not pity from you.

"What! Tears in your eyes? Crying for me?
Come, this is nonsense, for don't you see,
That I am happy and glad and gay,
For this, you know, is my wedding day?
Hark! He is coming; I hear him call.
O, how I love him, my husband Paul!"

* * * * * * *

I am a physician, and used to woe,
But tears filled my eyes as I turned to go.
What could I say to her mother and friends,
When so much on my answer depends?
What, indeed? 'Twas a pitiful case,
For there was no hope for Beautiful Grace.

The Web of Life

UNDER the stars, two lovers true,
Plighted their love and never knew,
That I was watching them standing there,
Of youth and beauty a noble pair,
And perfectly mated—or so it seemed—
As of their future they talked and dreamed.

I understood it all, and sighed;
I saw the gates were opened wide,
And the lovers gazed with radiant eyes
Into the realms of Paradise,
With never a thought of worldly strife,
Caught in a fate-spun web of life.

I thought the past forgotten quite,
And yet it all returns to-night,
Bringing the fragrance of mignonette,
And a face—Alas! I can ne'er forget,
That fair, sweet face I held so dear,
In time proved wholly insincere.

And thus, in strange review, the years
I now recall 'mid blur of tears;
In memory I traverse o'er
The days of youth that come no more.
Sad, indeed, when a future of bliss
Ends in regretful hours like this.

My heart throbs faint to memory's flight,
Here in the shadow, alone, to-night;
And I brush aside a falling tear
As a ripple of laughter greets my ear.
I pray their life may be clear and bright
As the stars that glimmer above to-night.

A Mother's Love

[To My Mother.]

WHAT love so pure as a mother's love
For the babe upon her breast?
She pictures its future, bright and fair,
As she softly smooths its sunny hair,
And hushes it to rest.

What love so true as a mother's love,
In trouble, pain or woe?
Who so tender, who so kind?
None in all the world you'll find,
I care not where you go.

There is no love like a mother's love,
So constant, pure and true.
The babe, the child, now grown a man,
Try and imagine, if you can,
The depth of her love for you.

Where the Thistles Grow

OUT in the fields where the thistles grow,
And the poppies nod their heads and blow;
Where the drowsy hum of the honey bee
Seems calling friends to come and see
How easy to fill their empty cells
From the clover-tops and the flower-bells;
Where the birds all sing a merry lay,
Just as they did on that other day,
That other day, in the long ago,
Here in the fields, where the thistles grow.

The skies now glow with the same deep blue,
As I walk alone, and think of you;
Recalling the time I saw you last,
Dreaming a dream that is long since past;
Thrilling my heart with a tempest of bliss
That never imagined a time like this;
For I never thought that you could smile,
And break my loving heart the while.
But I know each heart has its hidden woe,
And my tears fall fast where the thistles grow.

The poppies nod in the summer breeze,
And blush at the kiss of the bumble-bees.
The whispering leaves and the flowers tell
To all who listen—"I loved you well;"
With a love so true my trusting heart
Would never quite let hope depart.
But clouds that darkened my life that day
Will ever shadow my weary way.
With a lingering sigh I turn and go,
Away from the fields where the thistles grow.

Love

THE heart that loves too well is often sad,
For deep affection always causes pain.
Love little, if you would be ever glad;
Much love will not life's happiness attain.
Be cautious, lest you fill your life with sorrow,
Those who love but lightly, are most wise.
Pleasures of to-day, may turn to grief to-morrow;
What seems an everlasting love oft quickly dies.

Veiled

COVER it over, and lay it away,
This picture so dear to my heart;
This picture too sacred for others to see,
And from which I never can part.

One last glance I give to my treasure
Ere the shadowy veil hides from sight
That fair girlish face, with its dimples,
That *once* was my pride and delight.

'Tis part of my life, yet put it away;
Carefully, tenderly, cover it o'er;
Pity the tear as unbidden it falls,
Fresh from the depths of a heart that is sore.

A Woman's Love

IF the time should come, Sweetheart, when I who love you,
Could find it in my heart to love you less,
And you should yearn with many a heart-sick longing,
For just one kiss, one fond old-time caress;

Then you would pause, and, like a flash, my warning
You would recall, 'mid grief too hard to bear—
A woman's faithful love and fond devotion,
Once all your own, should be your greatest care.

I ofttimes think you find me too exacting,
When only by your side am I content;
Dark clouds may gather in the midnight gloom,
And Happiness depart when Love is spent.

No other praise my loyal love is seeking,
Happy, contented to be ever thine;
Tenderest thoughts of you are always with me,
No love more true than this great love of mine.

An open door—a hasty step beside me—
My husband stands quite close, and reads it all;
"Forgive me, dear Kate, I was the one to blame."
Tears change to smiles—"I do forgive you, Paul."

A woman's life-long faith is yours, my dearest,
Man can not ask more precious gift than this;
The time will never come when I shall prove untrue,
I could not live unworthy of your kiss.

A Rhapsody

[To A. C. C.]

SAID Adelaide, with look demure,
"What color do you most prefer?
In which do I look my very best?
Tell me, and I'll discard the rest."
I thought a moment, then I said:
"You're irresistible in red;
And when in white you do appear,
To me you are indeed most dear.
Still, when a yellow gown you wore,
I felt I could not ask for more.
Also the fairest I have seen
When you robed yourself in green.
Now you must listen, dear, please do,
You are my heart's delight in blue;
While in a dress of gauzy black,
There's not a single charm you lack.
But when I look at you, and think,
How sweet you are, just now, in pink,
I'm sure it proves devotion true,
'Tis not the color I love—'tis you."

Then and Now

I HELD her dainty hand in mine,
And pressed it to my lips;
It seemed I never could release
Her taper finger tips.
She did not chide me, say me nay,
Or even shake her head;
I remember well that summer's day
Exactly what she said.

"I love you!" sweet the words did sound,
They nearly drove me wild;
'Twas hard to realize the truth—
My love was but a child.
My little love was only ten,
A fairy little elf;
If, later on, I ask again,
Will she still love myself?

Dare I expect she will remain
To me forever true?
Remember, she is only ten,
And I am thirty-two.
The difference you think too great,
I see it in your eyes;
At any rate, whate'er my fate,
I know where duty lies.

The years have flown, I'm older now,
My sweetheart's twenty-two;
'Tis hard to realize the truth,
And yet 'tis sadly true.
For she is married—not to me—
Her husband's older still,
And I'm a bachelor, you see,
With her name in my will.

Entre Nous

I PROMISE you, dear, I will never divulge,
What you have confided to me;
I will always keep it "between ourselves,"
So you may feel perfectly free,
To tell me all your inmost thoughts,
For I will be true to thee.

Rest assured, dear, your secret is safe,
For I am your truest friend.
Life's pathway is often dimmed with clouds,
On your courage much will depend;
Let not the buds of hope grow withered,
It will all come right in the end.

The Lover's Soliloquy

IF I were a bird, in yonder tree,
All day long I'd sing for thee.
I'd praise those eyes of matchless blue,
And all my songs would be for you.

If I were the rose that nestles down
Soft in your hair of golden brown,
I'd droop against your neck so fair
And be happy while I rested there.

But, alas! I'm neither bird nor flower,
They are happy by the hour;
I'm only a man, with salary small,
And so, will amount to nothing at all.

A Pair of Blue Eyes

I SEE them both morning and evening,
Just as I cross the street,
A pair of blue eyes at the window,
With a smile so winsome and sweet.
A dear, little hand all dimples,
Half hid 'mid the curtain's lace,
A fairy-like form at the window,
That's full of a witching grace.

As I linger, a ray of sunlight
Falls full on her golden hair,
And the window frames a picture
That's winsome, petite and fair.
Her dress? I can not describe it,
But I know the color is white,
And the bonny blue eyes at the window
Are full of a tender light.

And when I return in the evening,
My heart is light and free,
The pair of blue eyes at the window
Are waiting and watching for me.
And what a loving welcome
Is mine—every day of my life,
For these beautiful, bonny blue eyes
Belong to my darling wife.

Dreams of Delight

ENRAPTURED, I linger 'mid dreams of delight
That visit me in the dark of the night.
I float thro' the air on unseen wings,
Discovering the most remarkable things,
While joyous gladness has full sway,
And life is an endless holiday.

There's nothing too wonderful to be true,
Not even a trip to the sky so blue;
And if I dive down deep in the sea
It all seems perfectly right to me;
I never mistrust it's all a dream,
No shadow dims the sun's bright gleam.

I find a perpetual shower of gold
That only by me can be controlled;
I dine on delicacies rich and rare
And my beauty is beyond compare;
Yet, best of all that happens, you see,
The girl I love just worships me.

I linger under the tree of fame,
And everywhere they praise my name;
My verses are sought for near and far,
And mine, indeed, is a lucky star.
Alas, in the end I fain must weep
When I realize I've been—asleep.

Unrest

IF I but look into those glorious eyes,
And feel the clasp of that dear hand of thine,
Far away good resolution flies,
And for an instant I imagine you are mine.

God knows I would not grieve you, but in vain
I try to think perhaps 'tis for the best,
And all alone, in silence, bear my pain,
But, oh! I'm weary of this wild unrest.

Weary of this ceaseless, endless dreaming
Of a future that, alas! can never be.
I wonder do you understand my meaning?
That from sweet thoughts of you I am not free.

'Tis wrong to love you—you I hold so dear;
Wrong to linger fondly by your side.
In pity for myself I drop a tear,
And wish that ere I loved you I had died.

Edith Verne

BEAUTIFUL, dark-eyed Edith Verne,
Well I remember the time we met;
It took but a glance for me to learn
What it took me many years to forget.

I feel, even now, the touch of your hand,
The turn of your head, the glance of your eye;
As I placed on your finger the golden band
That bound you to me by love's sweet tie.

Hair that was golden, is silvered with gray,
Since that time in worship I knelt at your feet.
In the years that forever have passed away
Earth has held no happiness half so sweet.

You never loved me I know, and yet—
You let me think so; I had no fears.
Did you think it easy for man to forget—
Drown, as a woman, his sorrow in tears?

I trust you are happy, fair Edith Verne,
I wish for you always a glad to-morrow;
But, oh! my darling, had you been true,
My life would not have been one of sorrow.

All In a Life-Time

ALL in a life-time" whispered the maid,
As her hand in the clasp of her lover she laid,
And gave him the wealth of a love so true,
With a worshipful glance from her eyes of blue.

"All in a life-time," the young wife sighed,
She could only weep since her husband died.
All happiness out of her life had gone,
Her sun had set, while it yet was dawn.

Happy maiden, and sorrowing wife,
Thus it will be thro' this world of strife.
The angel of happiness is sister to sorrow,
"All in a life-time" continues to-morrow.

She Never Knew

MY heart was captured by the sight,
She was so wondrous fair;
A slender, dark-eyed girl in white,
With roses in her hair.
I loved, as man but once can love,
I worshiped at her shrine;
She seemed to me so far above,
I dared not call her mine.

She was so happy, free from care,
And oh, I loved her so;
And yet—and yet I did not dare
One word to tell her so.
I loved her, yet she never knew,
Of love I gave no token;
I was her slave, 'tis very true—
Oh, would that I had spoken.

Then came a stranger, handsome, young,
And well he played his part;
He wooed her with a flattering tongue,
And won her trusting heart.
The precious gift he valued not,
Tho' she became his wife,
She did not have a happy lot
Or lead a peaceful life.

Shattered hopes that soared so high,
Ended in sorrow and grief.
To be reconciled I vainly try,
Tears are but slight relief.
My darling died in her early life,
To her memory I am true;
If only she had been *my* wife,
But alas, she never knew.

They Call It Fate

She—

DRAW me to your heart, dear one;
Of yourself a part, dear one,
Let me forever be.
Yours to cherish, love, adore;
I am yours forever more;
I love but thee."

He—

"Another I will never love;
I swear it by the stars above,
My bonny bride.
How I love my own, my dear;
I will stay forever here,
By your side."

Years have passed, and they are wed,
And such a life the two have led
Of constant strife.
'Tis a peculiarity of race
That this quite often is the case
With man and wife.

Never did have any peace;
Both unhappy, seek relief;
Agree to hate.
Find they cannot live apart.
Again they wed, oh! fickle heart,
And call it fate.

If the papers you will read,
To this topic it will lead,
All in print.
Then if you are very wise,
Do not laugh, and call it "lies,"
But take a hint.

Can You Forget

IN the gloaming I am sitting,
Dreaming of the happy past.
Softly, like the shadows flitting,
'Tis a dream, it cannot last.
For, my darling, I've been lonely
Ever since you went away,
And I'm thinking of you only,
Every minute thro' the day.

I keep thinking how we parted,
How we said the last good-bye;
Even now the tears have started,
I can almost hear you sigh.
Do you recall the time, I wonder,
And think of it with fond regret?
Or have you torn sweet ties asunder,
And schooled your heart to soon forget?

An Old-Fashioned Valentine

WAIT, till I gently unfold—
And take off its cover of white;
I'm careful, because it is old,
And long been away from my sight.
'Tis scented with perfume rare,
It contains but a single line,
A treasure beyond compare,
An old-fashioned valentine.

'Tis covered with filigree lace,
And roses of delicate pink,
While cupids with infantile grace
Bind two hearts with a golden link.
Its edges are yellow with age,
And the writing so faded has grown,
That it scarcely shows on the page
(Alas! for the years that have flown).

Only an old-fashioned valentine,
Yet recalls those by-gone days;
Tells of a love that is wholly mine,
And breathes in a hundred ways
Of the time when we were young and gay,
You and I, dear heart—
For never since that Valentine Day
Have we been far apart.

A Romance of To-day

A PAIR of brown eyes, a soft brown moustache,
A glance of surprise, that comes like a flash
O'er a handsome and manly face.
A form that's divine, weight two hundred and ten,
A walk that is fine, this prince among men,
So full of mystical grace.

A dear little blonde, with eyes of deep blue,
A heart that is fond and desperately true,
If you don't care what you say.
Cherry-red lips, and teeth like the pearl,
Pink finger-tips, and hair all in curl,
And a very fetching way.

They met, fell in love, quite romantic the way,
Below and above, 'twas a most perfect day,
And this a most serious case.
Yes, she saw him but once, fell in love at a glance,
Oh, what a great dunce, and all for a dance,
As they with the music kept pace.

Married at last, their love is quite cool,
They speak of the past, call each other a fool,
And wish they were single again.
He will go his way, and she will go hers,
He will the bills pay, for her silks and her furs,
While she captivates other men.

This is a common case, called to your view,
If you were in their place, what would you do?

Never Again

I'LL search for you, darling, all the world over—
Out where the sunshine kisses the clover;
Where birds in the tree-tops their merry refrain
Will sing for me, darling, never again.

Never again, unless you are found, love;
"Never again"—how sad the words sound, love!
Pity me, darling, my winsome Leraine,
And do not away from me longer remain.

Then come back, my darling, you know I adore you;
Do not be cruel, I entreat, I implore you;
Only come back, dear, and let me explain—
Listen, believe, and be happy again.

Maurice and May

SOFT the breezes blowing,
Gold the hair that's flowing,
Red the young cheeks glowing,
Maurice and May.
Slow the sun is setting,
Deep the shadows getting,
And her mother fretting
At their delay.

Cupid, his arrow sending,
Now awaits the ending,
While low the youth is bending,
Calls her his dove.
She listens with great pleasure,
And answers at her leisure,
Giving him full measure
Of her love.

Swift the hours are flying,
Soft the maiden sighing,
While the youth is trying
To make her say:
She does not care for Harry,
And will no longer tarry,
But that they soon will marry,
Naming the day.

To write the end I'm dreading.
Soon there was a wedding,
And now the floor he's treading
Night and day.
No laurels they are claiming,
And no one they are blaming,
But the twins they're naming,
Maurice and May.

My Opinion of the Ball

NEVER such a chance for flirting,
At a ball;
Everything was so diverting,
After all.
Yes, the music was entrancing—
Splendid band,
And then, again, the dancing
Was so grand.

Enjoy the supper? Oh, immensely:
Didn't you?
Though the rooms were crowded densely,
That is true.
The costumes, I agree, were charming,
One and all.
To count the cost must be alarming,
At a ball.

Lost

[A Dream.]

DARK is the night,
And how the lightning flashes;
'Tis the only light.
List, as the wild wave dashes
Up on the beach;
List, as the thunder crashes;
Oh, could I reach
Some place of shelter.

Alas, 'tis in vain.
How shall I battle against the storm?
I plunge on again;
Oh, what would I give to be warm?
Lost, lost am I in the darkness,
Not a soul near;
Lost in night's desolate blackness,
God pity my fear.
* * * * * * *

Where am I?
Is that a light that dances
Before my eyes?
Are lights and warmth mere fancies
When one dies?
Is it—can it be—I'm dreaming?
Nothing more,
Is that the sunlight streaming
Through the door?

Yes, 'tis a dream
That now, thank God, is ended.
Welcome the beam
Of warmth and sunlight blended;
Welcome the day
And banish care and sadness;
Happy to say
My dream has turned to gladness.

Just Twenty-one

LOOK at his handsome face—
Mother's only son—
Embodiment of manly grace,
Just twenty-one.

Think of the years now fled,
And years to come;
Think of the past that's dead—
Bright twenty-one.

No thoughts for the future far,
Sad years to come;
Hope is the brightest star
At twenty-one.

Life seems a blissful dream,
And victory won;
Youth and hope the senses teem
At twenty-one.

Waiting

LIST to the wind in the branches,
Dismal and drear is the night,
And I, alone with my sorrow,
Creep close to the fire, so bright;
The rain comes dashing in torrents,
The wind moans and shrieks in affright.

Once, long ago, I was happy,
And life seemed a beautiful dream,
Now my heart throbs but in anguish,
For life is not what it may seem;
The shadows round me grow deeper
Enhanced by the firelight's soft gleam.

Closer I creep to the fireside,
In the warmth of its genial glow
I try to forget all my sorrows,
But tears unrestrained still flow;
I remember how once we were happy,
It seems now long, long ago.

They say you are dead, my darling.
The reason you are not here.
With saddened hearts they watch me,
And with me, shed many a tear;
I do not, and will not believe them,
For to me, you seem ever near.

And still I sit by the fireside,
While the hours fly on apace,
And ever before me is pictured
Your smiling, boyish face.
I love you, my darling, I love you,
And am waiting, your own little Grace.

A Bunch of Sweet Peas

I GAVE to my love some dainty sweet peas,
As I seated myself quite near her.
Surely they could not fail to please
The queen of my heart, my Vera.
I told them to whisper love's sweet song,
To tell my darling of my passion;
I'm sure she would not think it wrong
If told in mystic flower fashion.

Only a bunch of dainty sweet peas,
Pink and white in their fragrant beauty.
I picked them my little love to please
And trust them to do their duty.
I gaze into her deep blue eyes,
My wife to be, I fondly ask her,
She answered "Yes," and now I prize
Sweet peas, for they inspired my answer.

Behind the Mask

LOVE you? Ah, don't I love you?
'Tis needless for you to ask."
Thus whispered a brown-eyed maiden
From behind a pink silk mask.

Her dress was so bewitching,
All trimmed with spangles and lace,
She made a charming gypsy,
But you couldn't see her face.

Her escort was quite enchanted,
As he clasped her little hand;
And called her his own forever,
The fairest in the land.

Then came the call for unmasking—
They were partners in a quadrille—
Indeed, it ended quite tragic,
Her partner was Brother Will.

And Brother Will grew very red,
As he offered her his arm;
Somehow the little gypsy
For him had lost all charm.

Poor Belle, who had been so happy
Behind her pink silk mask,
Now considered the dancing
A weary, senseless task.

I will end this with a moral,
As we've left a little space—
Don't make love behind a mask,
Wait until you see the face.

Is It Any Wonder

IS it any wonder,
I would like to know,
That always in the spring-time,
The little flowers grow?
Is it any wonder
Cupid fired his dart,
When I saw you first, dear,
That I lost my heart?

Is it any wonder,
The little rain-drops fall,
Followed by the sunshine,
Pleasant after all?
Is it any wonder,
I want you for my wife?
Alone, the world is empty,
I do not care for life.

Indeed, it is no wonder,
This much I can tell,
For you know, my darling,
That I love you well.
To the question most important,
What will your answer be?
How in all the wonders—
Did you ever care for me?

My Darling's Picture

I WILL paint my darling's picture,
Paint it with a careful hand;
All the dainty curves and dimples,
None can equal in the land.

"And while I'm busy with her picture,
Come and sit here, by my side;
And when I have it all completed,
Say if you know my future bride."

Kittie came as per-requested,
Soon was seated at my right;
But the happy look had vanished,
Not a dimple was in sight.

Silence reigned, and still I painted,
Golden curls caught back with blue,
Falling o'er the snow-white shoulders,
With the sunlight dancing thro'.

Then those eyes, so bright and changeful,
Sometimes blue, and sometimes gray,
With the curling lashes sweeping
'Cross rosy cheeks in witching way.

'Till at last it was completed,
Then held up for her to see,
When the little rogue, all dimples,
Said, "Why, Frank, it looks like me."

"Of course it does, you little darling,
I love you better than my life;"
That is what I said in answer,
And now sweet Kitty is my wife.

Sweet Seventeen

OUR Libbie—seventeen to-day,
I cannot have it so;
Indeed, there must be some mistake,
How fast the children grow.
It seems but yesterday since she,
A little toddling thing, was seen
Playing with her blocks and doll,
And now—to-day—she's seventeen.

Seventeen! a child no longer,
Blossomed into womanhood.
Seventeen! age so enchanting,
Ever happy, if you could,
Always stay within its portals,
Everything, as now, serene,
Never any cares or trials
Always stay "just seventeen."

But, alas! the days are fleeting,
And each day we older grow;
None can stop as time advances
(From experience I know).
So, dear sister, take my blessing,
With this little gift, I ween,
And may you ever be as happy
As to-day, at seventeen.

A Dream of Love

I TOLD her I loved her, and called her fair,
Praised her eyes, and her nut-brown hair;
Asked her to marry me, then and there—
My Gertrude.

The evening was lovely, the stars shone bright,
I remember my darling was dressed in white;
She filled my soul with pure delight—
My Gertrude.

The roses deepened, and crimsoned her cheek,
She glanced at me shyly—so roguishly meek,
As I eagerly listened for her to speak—
My Gertrude.

Turning to me, with a fond caress,
She softly whispered—Ah, can't you guess?
I'm very happy—She answered "Yes"—
My Gertrude.

The moonlight fell on us standing there,
And glinted like silver her nut-brown hair;
I woke—'twas a dream—oh, tell me where—
Is Gertrude.

Night

AURORA fair, is vanquished now,
It is no longer day.
Darkness has settled over all,
Nocturna has her sway.
Most glorious night, to you I pay
A tribute of this verse,
And gaze in raptured wonder
At the beauty you rehearse.

All the world seems cast in gloom,
But when I glance on high,
A thousand little twinkling stars
Shine in the cloudless sky.
The moon in all its brilliancy
Will soon appear in sight,
'Tis then, I'll gaze in rapture on
"Nocturna—Queen of Night."

My Answer

NO, I never saw a baby
That could with yours compare;
I never saw such pretty eyes,
Ne'er saw such pretty hair.

I never saw such little hands,
Ne'er saw such little feet;
In fact, I never saw a child
That's quarter part so sweet.

I never saw so small a mouth
As has this cunning elf,
And yes—I'm sure the baby
Looks "exactly like yourself."

Our Baby

BIG dark eyes—curly hair,
To us the fairest of the fair.
Chubby hands, little nose,
Dimpled knees, cunning toes.
Kisses sweet, with winning smile,
All our loving hearts beguile.

Smarter than a "good steel trap,"
Sits so quiet on your lap;
Bright eyes closed—pretends he sleeps—
Looks so cunning when he creeps;
Full of mischief, full of fun,
Is our darling little one.

How we hope in after years
That he ne'er will cause us tears,
But will grow up brave and true,
Just as babies ought to do.
Mamma's comfort, papa's joy,
Is our darling baby boy.

My Choice

NO baby in the house!
How sad the words sound!
Not a chair out of place,
Or a toy lying round.

Not a spot on the carpet,
So scrupulously neat,
No clear, ringing laughter,
Or patter of feet.

Could I be happy,
And live in that house,
With things in such order,
As still as a mouse?

No! Give me my children,
With all of their noise—
My darlings, my treasures,
My two little boys!

Only a Boy

ONLY a boy." How common the phrase—
"Only a boy," with his troublesome ways—
"Only a boy," so chubby and small—
But he's "somebody's darling" after all.
"Only a boy" will soon grow a man,
He's gaining, remember, fast as he can;
And when in the future you silence enjoy,
You'll find yourself missing "Only a boy."

Then you will think of his bright, boyish ways,
And you'll long, all in vain, for the past happy days;
You'll miss them, my friend, better take my advice,
And keep while you can, your "pearl of great price."
Yes, watch him, fond mother, it won't be for long,
Teach him the difference between right and wrong;
Show him you love him, your pride and your joy,
And speak not in anger to "Only a boy."

Our Darling

TWO roguish eyes so bright, a sweet and dimpled face,
A little dress of white, trimmed with finest lace;
Such pretty golden hair, combed just like a boy,
This is my baby fair, darling little Roy.

Two folded hands so white, soft, dimpled, and so sweet,
Two bonny eyes shut tight, a little form petite.
Two rosy bended knees, a little prayer is said,
Kisses sweet, that please, and baby is in bed.

Now in the morning light, to wake up he tries,
Looking up so very bright, into mamma's eyes,
Oh, what a winsome pet, he fills our hearts with joy,
We never could forget our precious baby Roy.

Our Household Treasure

H! how we love our pretty, dark-eyed Roy,
Our precious little winsome baby boy.
A chubby form, soft clad in pink and white,
A pair of bonny eyes, so dark and bright,
A rosy mouth, wee dimpled hands and feet,
A combination sweet.

And when I change his dress and brush his hair,
And wash his hands and little face so fair,
I clasp him gently in my loving arms,
And look with pride upon his baby charms.
'Tis then, he says, with sweetest smile serene,
"Baby all sweet, all clean."

Of his playthings he enjoys most of all
A large, bright, many-colored worsted ball;
And when his father reaches home at night,
He runs to him with all a boy's delight,
And thro' the house we hear his sweet voice call:
"Base-ball, papa, base-ball."

Ah! how we love our little household pet,
His cunning ways we never can forget;
His life is bright, and pure, and free from care,
May it ever, in the future, be as fair.
We pray that God will bless our darling boy,
Our "household treasure," Roy.

Our Little Roy

NLY a little babe, so fair, I ween,
That I would tell you of its cunning ways,
To me—it is a gift fit for a queen,
And never can receive too much of praise.

I did not miss it once before it came
To brighten life that seemed till then complete;
But now 'tis dearer far than worldly fame,
Only a little babe so fair and sweet.

And as the shadows softly come and go,
For baby's father I am waiting tea;
I rock and sing a lullaby so low
That I can hear him step and turn the key.

The little head that nestles on my breast,
Our little Roy; his eyes of darkest brown
Have softly closed and slowly sink at rest,
And with a kiss, I lay my baby down.

The Night Before Easter

'TWAS the night before Easter, and all thro' the town
The wagons were running, both up hill and down,
Delivering bonnets with excellent care,
Knowing that Easter soon would be there.
One hat was a dainty, delightful creation,
Covered with roses and real duchess lace,
One could be sure it would cause a sensation
When framing a winsome and witching young face.

As was said in beginning, the rush it was great,
For the next day was Easter, you know;
So the hats were delivered until very late,
Just as fast as the horses could go.
One was a bonnet, all made out of jet—
And right up in front, a soft black aigrette,
Not intended at all for a young girl to wear,
But very becoming 'gainst wavy, gray hair.

Again I must pause, and once more will remark,
The next day was Easter, the night it was dark,
The boxes piled high, in a regular crush,
And 'twas easy to make a mistake in the rush.
The bonnet and hat were delivered all wrong
(Dear readers, I know you feel pained),
But I have the right ending for this simple song,
For *all day on Easter in torrents it rained.*

The Lover's Quarrel

I GAVE him back his letters,
The locket, his picture and ring;
We quarreled, and this was the ending,
So I kept not a single thing,
Oh, yes, I did keep the rosebud
He fastened that night in my hair,
When he told me how fondly he loved me,
And called me his "darling, so fair!"

I really did think that he loved me,
I thought him so manly and true;
But now, we have parted in anger,
I wouldn't believe it, would you?
I hope you don't think I feel badly?
You're mistaken, indeed, I don't care;
It wasn't *my* fault that we quarreled,
I wouldn't have been such a bear.

'Tis his place to ask for forgiveness,
So I'll flirt just as much as I can,
I'm sure I won't speak if I meet him.
(That's such an excellent plan.)
Hark! There's his ring at the door-bell,
Yes, 'tis his step on the floor;
I guess, after all, I must love him—
"Wait, darling, I'll open the door."

Pretty Laughing Dark Eyes

I KNOW a little maiden, so winsome, sweet and fair,
With pretty, laughing dark eyes, that do my heart ensnare;
Full of happy laughter, eyes so dark and true,
Out from under tangled curls, looking straight at you.
Mouth of tempting sweetness, dimples come and go,
That I'm very much in love, you must surely know.

Pretty laughing dark eyes, shed your happy light;
Smile upon me, dark eyes, beautiful and bright.
My heart is filled with rapture, and fondly do I prize
Each glance of true, devoted love from those laughing eyes.

Winsome little maiden, my heart is all your own;
Stay forever with me—I cannot live alone.
There's not another in the world with you can compare,
With your laughing dark eyes and your face so fair.
Kiss me, little maiden, my heart is in a whirl;
The one I love the best of all is Papa's little girl.

Pretty laughing dark eyes, shed a happy light;
Smile upon me, dark eyes, beautiful and bright.
My heart is filled with rapture, and fondly do I prize
Each glance of true devoted love, from those laughing eyes.

Two Little Stockings

TO-MORROW is Christmas," the mother sighed,
As she hushed her babe to rest,
And kissed it often as it lay
Pillowed upon her breast.
Two little heads in the trundle-bed,
Four little eyes asleep,
Four little tired, restless feet
From under the coverlids peep.

Up near the chimney, side by side,
Two little stockings hung;
The mother's eyes were full of tears,
As her babe to sleep she sung.
Those dear, little, silent stockings,
Hanging side by side,
Instead of two, there should be three—
The mother's joy and pride.

Only a year ago to-night
There were last Christmas eve,
Three little heads in the trundle-bed,
Though hard it is to believe;
Three little stockings there were to fill,
Together they hung in a row,
And now, instead there are only two—
Unbidden the sad tears flow.

Only two little stockings
Hanging side by side;
One little stocking is missing—
There were three before Willie died.
Then pity that mother's sorrow
As she thinks of her absent one;
Teach her from her heart to say,
"Thy will on earth be done."

You Will Know Why

GOOD-BYE to the mountains I once held so dear,
To the cabin that now is no more,
To the well-beloved scenes of happier days,
Good-bye from a heart that is sore.

Farewell to the friends I once thought so true,
Farewell to fond memories forever;
A dream of the past, so let it remain,
'Tis best that such friendships should sever.

For never again will I visit the place
Where once 'twas a pleasure to go,
Others will wonder, perhaps, at the change,
But you will know why it is so.

My Dark-Eyed Zora

SHALL I tell you of my charmer?
Fairest of the fair, I ween.
Shall I tell you how I love her?
That, you say, is plainly seen.
Shall I praise her many graces?
Sweeter far than Nell or Dora;
Will she—can she—does she love me?
Laughing, dark-eyed, winsome Zora.

Shall I ever be so happy
As to call her all my own?
I could never live without her
All these weary years alone.
I could never love another;
No—not even Bess or Cora,
For my heart is true forever
To my pretty, dark-eyed Zora.

Yes, I'll tell her that I love her
Far better than my life,
And I'll wait for her to answer
If she will be my wife.
And if she says she loves me,
Good-bye to Kate and Flora;
Good-bye to all the girls I know,
I will be true to Zora.

Sweet Bessie Adair

THE pride of my heart is sweet Bessie Adair,
There was never another so radiant and fair;
Never were eyes so bonny and blue,
Never was heart more faithful and true;
A bright little fairy, with golden brown hair,
Is my own little darling—my Bessie Adair.

Her voice is the sweetest I ever have heard,
She is merry, light-hearted—free as a bird.
I love—but am silent—in silence adore;
I try to forget her—yet, love her the more.
If I only might tell her—But, no, I don't dare,
And yet, how I love her—sweet Bessie Adair.

And now I will tell you my reasons for this,
How I long for—but dare not ask even a kiss.
She is rich, I am poor, with my fortune to make,
And no one can tell how long that will take.
So until I can marry—it would not be fair,
To whisper, "I love you—sweet Bessie Adair."

What Shall My Wishes Be

[To E. A. F.]

WHAT shall I wish for you, Ella, my dear?
A happy time with never a tear?
Never a sorrow or shadow of pain,
Always the sunshine, never the rain?
Tell me, dear friend, and tell me true,
What shall my wishes be for you?

Shall I wish you a life of joy and mirth?
And all the blessings of heaven and earth?
That never a shadow or shade of woe,
Shall come to you out of the "long ago"?
Alas, dear Ella, it cannot be,
For sorrow must come to you and me.

Surely this world is a "vale of tears,"
So strengthen your faith, and banish your fears.
I wish you all blessings, yet God knows best;
But be sure in the end there is perfect rest.
We go to heaven when we leave this earth,
For nothing dies to which God gives birth.

The Little Red School-house

[To E. H. M.]

IT was certainly little, and as certainly red,
A one-story brick affair—
Yet it lives in my memory, tho' long years have fled,
And life filled with many a care.
A little white house, with lilacs half hidden,
Before me, I see as I write;
And tears fill my eyes, I assure you, unbidden,
As I think of my boyhood to-night.

The little red school-house is changed to a dwelling,
The teachers who taught us are dead.
I linger unconsciously now in the telling,
Recalling the years that have fled.
Numbering the friends of my youth now departed,
And gone to that home up above,
Brushing aside the hot tears that have started,
Remembering that "God is Love."

I linger alone in deep meditation—
And live the past over again.
I remember the time when the word "education"
Expressed all our sorrow and pain.
We didn't know then that our happiest days
Commence with the school-bell's ring;
But we find it out in many ways,
Once youth has had its fling.

I picture the farm-house, for time cannot dim,
The pleasure we always had there;
And I think of the days when we boys went to swim
In the mill-pond, free from care.
Memory, long sleeping, is awake to-night—
And the picture is sharp and clear,
Of the little red school-house, my heart's delight,
Long past, but forever dear.

A Birthday Greeting

[An Acrostic]

JUST nineteen years have passed away since you,
Unknown to me, with eyes of deepest blue,
Looked first upon this world, so big and wide,
In search of knowledge, all as yet untried,
And troubled not by sorrow's saddening touch,

Education truly changes all things much.

And now another year before you lies;
Never give up the search for wisdom's prize,
The sun will shine as bright when life is o'er,
He who will conquer must endure the more.
Orphaned tho' you are, you've many a friend,
Not alone upon yourself must you depend,
Your life is as you make it, to the end.

Baby Dorothy

BABY DOROTHY, blithe and gay,
Making sunshine all the day,
Is our winsome little fay,
Light and airy.
She has eyes of darkest hue,
Will give you kisses just a few,
Little fairy.

Baby Dorothy has golden hair,
Our dimpled darling sweet and fair,
With no thought of troubled care,
Little girl.
See her bright and laughing face,
Embodiment of baby-grace,
Precious pearl.

May life's sorrows cause no tear,
In the bright eyes to appear,
Of our bonny girl so dear,
Ours to love.
We will watch with tender care,
This, our blossom, frail and fair,
From above.

Papa's Treasure

'TIS only a wee, little treasure,
But precious it is for all that.
It brings me my coat every morning,
And finds both my cane and my hat.
My gloves, she always has ready—
And that's a relief, you know,
While my little treasure stands waiting
To kiss me before I go.

And when I come home in the evening,
She's waiting for me at the gate;
And then—if I don't come early,
It's "Papa, why are you so late?"
My papers are always handy,
My slippers are close by my chair;
It never takes very long to guess
Who it was put them there.

'Tis only a wee, little treasure,
With sunny, golden hair;
Two blue eyes, bewitching,
And a dimpled face so fair.
The image of her mother,
She is to me most dear;
And if I were to lose her,
Life would indeed be drear.

Very Dear to Me

BIG, dark eyes, and tangled hair,
A dimpled face, so sweet and fair;
White straw hat, with ribbons blue,
(A pretty sight, I think—don't you?)
A little maiden scarcely three,
And she is very dear to me.

Watch her playing with her little toys,
I think her nicer than a dozen boys.
Listen to her little pattering feet
(Did you ever see a baby half so sweet?)
Tho' in years, she only numbers three,
This little one is very dear to me.

Hear her chatter cunning baby talk,
I well remember when she learned to walk.
See her looking up in sweet surprise;
I think I never saw such pretty eyes.
Between us both, you very soon will see,
This baby-girl is very dear to me.

Three Pictures

STANDING near the window, drumming on the pane,
Looking out with tearful eyes at the dripping rain,
Faces lose their sunshine, smiles are chased away,
'Tis a cloudy picture on this summer day.

In the sunshine playing, full of mirth and glee,
Happy little children, as ever one did see,
Watch the smiling faces of each roguish elf,
Say—don't you remember, when you "played" yourself?

Now the lamps are lighted, hurry off to bed,
Silence for a moment—little prayers are said.
Blessed are the children, free from grief or care,
Precious household treasures, we find them everywhere.

One Good Deed

BUY a flower?" the sweet voice trembled,
Blue eyes filled with sudden tears;
Darkness slowly settled 'round her,
Thus increasing all her fears.
"Buy a flower?" who could refuse her,
Who could coldly pass her by?
Standing, shivering on the curb-stone,
All discouraged, hear her cry.

"'Buy a flower?' Of course, I'll buy one,
What's the price of this bouquet?"
Lifting up a bunch of blossoms
That in the well-filled basket lay.
"That—oh, sir, give me a penny,
Just enough to buy some bread,
Then, kind sir, take all my flowers,"
Is what the little flower-girl said.

"I have tried since early morning,
Tried to sell these flowers few,
But no one loves God's pretty blossoms,
No one loves them, sir—but you."
I listened to the child's sad story,
Bought her flowers—every one,
Sent her on her way rejoicing,
Thankful one good deed I'd done.

In Memoriam

SILENT and still in his last, long sleep,
Never to suffer, never to weep.
Folded hands o'er his lifeless breast,
In sweet eternal rest.

The eyes are closed, the pulse is still,
And through our hearts it sends a thrill
Of pain, that he, the mother's only son,
Should be the chosen one.

Pure as the flowers loving friends have sent,
Such was his life, full of calm content.
We who are left suffer all the pain;
Remember, 'tis his gain.

Sadly his friends gather 'round the bier,
Swiftly has fallen full many a tear,
Sad and heavy beats many a heart,
It is so hard to part.

But naught that's earthly can last forever,
And every tie at last must sever,
Every bond in the end be broken,
And farewell be spoken.

Though on earth we never see him more,
We must not weep, he has but gone before;
Peaceful and happy, free from earthly strife,
Gone to a better life.

The Way of the World

JOYFUL and clear the wedding bells
Rang out that glorious morn;
A blissful story their music tells
Of happiness newly born.
A bride all decked in robe of white
With folds of misty lace,
Welcomes her lover with blushes bright
On her sweet and winsome face.

Down the street and across the way
Somebody's heart is sad;
Somebody weeps that self-same day
For their bright and bonny lad.
Dark and drear, all curtains drawn,
Crape flutters at the door,
A spirit fled at early dawn,
To be seen on earth no more.

In one of these homes is sunshine,
While the other is filled with woe;
Around our hearts let faith entwine,
God's way we cannot know.
The bride dreams not of sorrow
In the coming happy years,
And yet perhaps the morrow
May turn her smiles to tears.

I cannot check the thoughts that fill
My heart with wild unrest;
I cannot understand the thrill
Of pain within my breast;
Somebody smiles and somebody weeps,
From twilight until dawn;
One is awake, while another sleeps,
And so the world goes on.

"Take Baby"

TWO little words, yet they bring the tears,
That, alas, so near the surface lay,
For never again in after years
Will I hear our little darling say—
"Take Baby."

A dainty form in a dress of white,
So dimpled, sweet and fair,
Standing alone in the bright sun-light,
That kissed to gold, his sunny hair,
"Take Baby."

"Mamma, take baby," soft and low;
Those were the words of our little pet.
Dear little Harry, we loved him so,
Those precious words I can ne'er forget—
"Take Baby."

For never again will our darling stand.
And wave a sweet good-bye to me,
And kisses throw with his dimpled hand,
While I can hear his gentle plea—
"Take Baby."

Down by a pure, white marble stone
I tenderly kneel by a grave so small,
And pour out my heart in prayer alone,
While in fancy I hear my darling call—
"Take Baby."

Echoes of the Past

A GLAD, sweet voice rings in my ears
From out the echoing past,
A baby voice, that brings the tears,
(The vision can not last.)
A little face before me flits,
A little golden head,
And in my lap my baby sits,
My darling is not dead.

I feel the baby lips that press
So lovingly to mine,
Again the dimpled hands caress
And 'round my neck entwine.
Those sweet, dark eyes once more I see
With all a mother's joy.
For one brief moment I am free
To clasp my baby boy.

I kiss the little face that lays
Upon my breast, so fair.
I count the many lonely days
Since it last rested there.
I press the little chubby form
Close to my throbbing heart,
And feel it pulse with life so warm,
'Tis of my life a part.

The cold, white light of breaking dawn
Into my windows creep,
The night has passed, the vision gone,
Alone I sit and weep.
When softly, like a whispered prayer,
My thoughts are turned to heaven,
The angels will record it there,
This hope that God has given.

It Seems but Yesterday

MY little darling climbed upon my knee.
Smiling and happy as a child could be.
Tenderly I kissed the bonny little face,
Gaily he laughed, there was ne'er a trace
Of sadness, he was ever glad and gay.
Ah, me—it seems but yesterday.

Gently I rocked my darling to and fro,
And sang a lullaby so sweet and low.
Till softly closed the eyes so dark and bright,
The lashes lay on cheeks of pink and white.
My baby slept as in my arms he lay—
It seems to me, it was but yesterday.

I clasped the little form nearer my heart,
And to my eyes unbidden tear-drops start.
What would I do? I wonder would I try
To live, if my sweet little one should die?
As o'er the past my thoughts now sadly stray—
Tho' long ago, it seems but yesterday.

My baby moved, and opened wide his eyes,
And reaching up, to kiss me then he tries.
"My darling little one, I could not part
From you, dear pet, unless it broke my heart."
'Twas long ago, that I these words did say—
Yet to recall, it seems but yesterday.

Oh, God, how soon you brought me to the test,
That little babe who lay upon my breast,
Has found a home in heaven, above the skies.
My comfort is "the spirit never dies."
And living, I find solace when I pray,
For strength to bear the pain of yesterday.

Only

NLY a little pair of shoes,
Yet dear to the mother's heart,
Only a little golden curl,
From which she ne'er will part.
Only a little crib and chair,
Silent and empty now,
Only a little cup and spoon,
Yet o'er them in tears we bow.

Only some blocks and broken toys,
Carefully laid away.
Only a mother's aching heart,
Lonely for many a day.
Only a little new-made grave,
Beneath the willow's shade,
Only a little marble slab,
To mark where our darling's laid.

The Baby Across the Way

THERE'S a dear little baby across the way,
With eyes of the darkest hue,
And sweet little lips that seem to say
To every one, "I love you."
But when I look at that baby fair,
It makes me lonely and sad,
Those sweet dark eyes and golden hair,
Never can make me glad.

For they bring to my mind the happy days,
In the long sad years that have flown,
And I dream of my baby's pretty ways.
And wake—to my sorrow, alone.
Alone—how the sad word lingers,
As I glance across the way,
And watch those baby-fingers
Happy in innocent play.

For once I'd a dear little baby myself,
That once seems so far away,
And mine was a little dark-eyed elf
Like the one across the way.
Oh, fond young mother, soothing to rest,
Your dimpled babe upon your breast,
Sing, and be happy, your lullaby low,
As I sung mine long, long ago.

Crape on the Door

SPEAK lightly, tread softly, there's crape on the door;
Disturb not the fond, faithful hearts that are sore.
Little, indeed, at such times can be said.
Silently leave them alone with their dead.

Two little hands are folded in rest,
Over a pulseless and innocent breast;
Two bright eyes closed to open no more.
Thus says the crape that floats at the door.

Tearful and sad is the household to-day,
For angels have taken a loved one away,
Never on earth shall they see him more.
Remember, tread softly, there's crape on the door.

How Short the Time

NO one knows or can understand,
From life to death how short the span.
How few the days, how fleet the years,
How very short the time appears,
From early morn till set of sun,
How soon the race is run.

The day dawns bright, the sky is clear,
We rise with ne'er a thought of fear;
And yet before the day is done,
Before it fairly has begun,
While we a day of pleasure spend,
Our life on earth may end.

The friends we love have gone before,
And leave our hearts forever sore;
While in the shadow of the cross,
We pray for strength to bear our loss;
And linger by our loved one's grave,
Time is so short—be brave.

This would not seem a dreary land,
If we God's truth could understand;
If we could only plainly see
What is to be—will surely be,
God's way, not ours, is always best,
And leads us to eternal rest.

That Little Grave

YOU ask me why I am silent
And tears are in my eyes.
Look yonder at that little grave,
There all my joy lies.
Buried deep 'neath the daisies,
My little one is at rest.
Do you ask me now, kind friend,
Why sorrow fills my breast?

Do you ask me why I am weeping—
Do you wonder I do not smile?
So long it seems since baby died,
Yet 'tis only a little while,
But my heart is almost breaking,
And I try in vain to be brave,
For all my hopes are buried
Deep in that little grave.

Soon I shall go and meet him,
In the beautiful realms above;
I know my darling awaits me,
Pure as a snow-white dove.
That, indeed, is a blessed thought,
Tho' tears will fill my eyes,
Whenever I look at that little grave
Where my babe in heaven lies.

One Never Knows

ONE never knows what will happen
Before the day is done,
Before the night is ended
Or the morrow has begun.
One never knows if a heart ache,
Or a sorrow known as death,
Is awaiting to claim our loved ones
And leave us alone bereft.

One never knows—ah, sad, indeed,
This thought will ever be.
We are but mortal here below,
God's way we cannot see.
There is no death, but born again,
We live another life—
A life that is both pure and bright
And free from sin and strife.

If we should know, could take a glimpse,
Of things as they will be,
And see our life before us stretch,
A picture fair to see;
Then turn a page, and see the grief
And sorrow written there,
I'm sure we would not want to live
And all our troubles bear.

One never knows how soon our smiles
May all be changed to tears,
As swift and silently the days
Are gliding into years.
One never knows—and well it is,
That we should never know,
What is before us ere our life
Is ended here below.

The Widow's Story

'TWAS years ago John married me,
When I was young and fair,
And on our wedding day he twined
White rose-buds in my hair.
Then bending down he whispered,
With a look so full of pride,
"I'm happy now I've won you,
My bonny blue-eyed bride."

The months passed by, those happy days
Appear now like a dream,
When I recall for you the past—
Of sunshine but a gleam;
Two noble boys were given us,
Then a baby-girl—our pet—
Ah! we were so happy then,
I never can forget.

Money then was very plenty,
And John's success assured,
Our home was one of splendor
(What since have I endured?)
Our first great sorrow was the death
Of Frank, our youngest son,
Forgive these tears—in three short weeks
We lost the eldest one.

Then our baby girl—our Daisy,
Our little pet, so fair,
Left us for her heavenly home,
Tho' watched with tenderest care.
After the loss of our darlings,
John never was the same,
He seemed to lose all interest,
And our home was but a name.

I cannot tell how it happened,
'Tis terrible to relate,
There was a fearful accident,
And death my husband's fate.
Oh, God! To think what I suffered,
The days seemed years, every one.
I could not say, tho' I tried to pray,
"Thy will on earth be done."

All this happened years ago,
And my golden hair is gray,
Wherein he twined white rose-buds
On our happy wedding day.
Now I must wait with patience,
Until never more to roam,
To be once more with my loved ones,
God shall call me home.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 994 395 5